

Becomes 118

Chapter 0118

Serena's POV

Stevie and I close up the shop in the mall, pulling down the security gate. At five months pregnant, I move more slowly, often resting a hand on my growing belly.

Stevie insists on walking me home. We step into the cool evening air and make our way to my apartment.

As we reach my building, I turn to Stevie and say, "Thanks for walking me home, Stevie. I know you're probably so tired from the photoshoot today." *w.w.w.ñ@vëLWorM.com*

Stevie waves her hand dismissively. "Nah, it's nothing," she says with a smile. "It's the least I can do since you're already carrying a whole watermelon around." *@ww.nOvelwor@.com*

We both laugh, the sound echoing softly in the evening air. Stevie then crouches down and talks to the baby inside. "Hey champ, your mom and I can't wait to meet you!" she says warmly.

I smile down at her. "He's kicking right now. I think he can hear you," I say, feeling a warm flutter in my belly.

Stevie grins and stands back up. "I bet my godchild and I will get along really well."

As we approach the front door, I notice a grocery bag sitting on the doorstep.

"Err, Serena?" Stevie says as she picks it up. "Did you ask someone to buy you groceries?"

"Uhm, no," I reply, puzzled. "I wonder who would leave this." *WŴ@.ñO(v)ElWOrM.cøM*

"Huh, that's weird." Stevie checks it out and takes out a jar of pickles. "Oh, it's just pickles, sardines and Nutella."

My eyes widen. I've been craving these things the past few weeks. And there's only one person who knows about it.

"Ooh! Found a note," she says and gives it to me. "What does it say?"

The handwriting is distinct, with bold, looping letters and a slight slant to the right. It's immediately recognizable: Bill's handwriting.

you, I'd handle it," I read aloud. "There's also a little smiley at the end." I point to the smiley and

"Told

show it to her.

Stevie takes the note and examines it. "It looks weird" she remarks. She thinks for a moment, then her eyes widen in surprise.

"Maybe it's a trap from Max and Eden. Hold on. I'll just throw it out. Better be safe than sorry," she adds.

Stevie grabs the grocery bag and heads towards the trash bin, ready to toss it out.

"Oh no! Those are my cravings," I say, stopping her. "I know who they're from."

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Stevie pauses, looking at me with curiosity. "From whom then?"

+15 BONUS

I hesitate, unsure how to respond. If I tell Stevie it's from Bill, she would know something is going on between us. And Stevie won't like it.

Before I can open my mouth, Stevie says, "Could it be," she begins, making me nervous that she'll figure it out, "from Calvin?"

I exhale softly, feeling a small weight lift off my shoulders. "Maybe," I reply with a secretive smile. I hate lying to my best friend, but it's probably for the best.

Stevie squeals giddily, her eyes lighting up with excitement. "I knew it! Calvin's so sweet for doing this."

She claps her hands together and does a little hop, her joy infectious. "You two are so perfect together,

she gushes.

"Well, I'm lucky to have the best people around," I say, winking at her.

"Aw, you're the best too," Stevie says, giving me a warm smile. "I should probably go. You need to rest

now."

I nod, feeling the day's exhaustion catching up with me. "You're right. Thanks again, Stevie."

"Anytime," she replies, giving me a quick hug. "I'll see you tomorrow."

I step into my apartment and place the bag on the kitchen counter.

I unpack the bag, setting the pickles, sardines, and Nutella on the counter. The note with the smiley face still sits in my hand, and I find myself smiling despite the day's chaos.

I glance at my phone, seeing a message from Bill: "Hope you liked the surprise."
wŴW.møVëlwoRm.com

I stare at the message for a moment, remembering something that has been bugging me. I pick up the phone and call Bill.

"Hey," I say when he answers.

"Oh, hey," Bill replies, his voice warm and a little surprised. "Is everything good?"

"Yeah. And thanks for the surprise," I say. "It made me smile."

"Really?" he asks, a hint of relief in his voice. "I'm glad to hear that."

I pause, gathering my thoughts. "Bill, can you come over here tonight? I think we need to talk."

Comments

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